Second Chances

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Second Chances

by Bestbuds55

Summary

Hannibal is surprised to get a text from Will declaring he thinks a second opinion on his health is in order. And then grows increasingly frustrated when Will doesn't get that second opinion like he said he would.

Notes

Author’s note: My first oneshot in what feels like forever. I’m happy to be well enough to be back to writing after my operation. Hope everyone enjoys!

Hannibal doesn't get surprised very often, but he truly could never predict Will. That's one of the facts that made Will so terribly endearing to him in the first place. Other than the fact that he was built like he should be in a renaissance painting of course. Or that his mind was so beautifully fascinating and above any other person that Hannibal had ever met. Even so sick, Will functions beyond what an everyday person could ever hope for. Sure he is sweaty and grooming has seemed to been mostly forgotten, but Hannibal is willing for forgive these things as Will boils alive from the inside.

Lately Hannibal has been reconsidering just what would happen if Will would die from illness. Initially it would have just been sad for him and a few others while the FBI would have considered it a waste of talent. But then Hannibal started to get to know Will, beyond the fascination with murder and bleeding heart for stray animals. They became friendly. Hannibal grew obsessed.

He wanted to feed Will every meal and tuck him into bed at night. He wanted to bring Will to the beach and let him relax listening to the ocean waves. He wanted to hang off Will's arm while they visited the opera and introduce the man as His Will or his darling or his love. Hannibal felt more emotions towards Will than he had in decades for anyone else. And their relationship was unfortunately a slow moving one. Will kept losing time, not remembering appointments and had an aversion to Hannibal's chosen profession. There hadn't been a moment before meeting Will that Hannibal had ever regretted moving to psychiatry, but many moments after meeting Will he did. At least Will had finally started texting him on a regular basis.

And to think his whole plan was falling apart while Will was texting him too. Hilariously, Will didn't seem to indicate that he thought Hannibal was at fault. Perhaps that was the benefit of being friends.

"Hey, I know the brain scans came up all good, but today I shared some notes with a student and they told me every word was piled on top of each other around the bottom of the page and I was writing in a spiral pattern when I thought it was straight? Do you think that brain doctor friend could be wrong?"

"Dear Will, that is most troubling. While I do hold my colleague in high regard this news is highly troubling. Please seek a second opinion so we can be sure and I will proceed from there."

His text back had been one to mostly save face and make Will not want to blame him for being misdiagnosed. Things could not lead back to him after all. That would lead to him being held suspect by certain people and most troubling of all, would lead to Will not trusting him. Hannibal craved Will Graham's trust more than anything else.

Perhaps it would be best if the Will got help for his encephalitis at this point anyways. There would be no more fun if something farther happened like dear Will's organs shutting down or him finally accidentally overdosing on the pills he seems perfectly happy popping. Hannibal had been reluctant to realize that Will has become much more than a source of passing entertainment for him and more of an extreme obsession. A muse, a partner to be and more

importantly a friend. An actual friend. Hannibal isn't so sure he'd ever had one of those before.

He knows at this point that if Will died Hannibal would mourn his death for the rest of his life. That he'd take that dead and cold body home with him by any means possible and lay beside him in a way that they never had an opportunity to in life. Then he'd kill the world before joining his Will covered in the fresh blood of nameless victims.

"Will, please send me an update as you get it. If you went to the emergency room I could bring you either lunch or dinner today?" Hannibal texts back over an hour later, unable to handle just how long it had been since the last communication.

He feels as though Will is torturing him, giving just small details and nothing else. Hannibal can't help but worry that Will has managed to slip into a coma while Hannibal doesn't know what is happening. He should have convinced Will that Hannibal is the best option to change his next of kin and contact person to. They should have gotten married in Jack's office after they were introduced. Being a spouse would have solved so many of Hannibal's current problems!

"Oh, I was going to go to emergency but I got caught by Jack on the way out. I'm nearly at a crime scene now. Jack drove though, cause I was suddenly feeling a bit worried about driving? Will have to go tonight."

Hannibal sighed upon getting this text. Will now knew something was wrong and was anxious about driving, but still put the job above him. He could be dying! That man is positively ridiculous. He has puts entirely too much of his life into the FBI. Hannibal hopes that he can change that in the coming years. He hopes that Will would grow attached to him and prioritize himself (and Hannibal) more so than his stupid job.

Will hadn't really even refused his cooking in the text message, but Hannibal still feels the burn from it never being brought up. Almost no one he's ever met hasn't wanted his cooking. Some people jump at that chance for it! And yet Will pushes it aside to go and look at a dead body. It won't stand up to one of Hannibal's own crime scenes and probably will be obvious and boring for Will.

Hannibal feels tears come to his eyes as he thinks about his beautiful and sick Will, shivering over a crime scene. Will would roll his eyes and turn away because it wouldn't be worthy of his gaze. The husband had probably done it; it was almost always the husband after all. Maybe Hannibal would have the pleasure of being part of that static once they were successfully married. Oh, to be murdered by Will's strong hands.

"Please be mindful of your health Will. Don't push yourself too hard, and go to the emergency room when Jack releases you from his clutches. I care more for you than any unsolved crime." Hannibal texts back one more time trying not to think too hard about it feeling like he's composing a love letter. He's growing sentimental as he gets older and Hannibal doesn't care for it. Though, if he could look Will in the eyes while saying such things and take in his cringing or blushing reaction then everything might be worth it.

He doesn't get an answer until the following morning. It's hard to sleep that night, not knowing anything about Will's situation. There could have been someone at the crime scene just waiting for a brilliant investigator to stroll up. A single well place bullet could have taken Will Graham from him forever.

"On my way to emergency now. Will update in a few hours." Will sends and while Hannibal likes that Will sent him this because of course Hannibal would want to know, it's 7 am and Will was supposed to get himself help yesterday. This is beginning to be frustrating.

"Jack called when I was just getting into the parking lot and picked me up instead. He didn't even bother the ask why I was there."

Hannibal had been with a client when he'd received that text so it had taken nearly an hour for him to see it. The amount of distress he's feeling about the entire situation is quickly increasing. Sure he'd been letting Will burn inside for fun, but now that Will was doing it to himself it wasn't funny anymore. He needs Will to go and get some help before he just dies in the field feet away from Jack Crawford who will just swear at him for dying when he should be finding the criminal instead.

"Will please take care of yourself." It's just a simple sentence but Hannibal is beginning to feel like he is going to have to beg to get Will help. Or kidnap him. Hannibal is becoming very tempted to kidnap Will, but he has three patients to see today and needs to be responsible until at least 4 pm. Surely Will gets to the emergency room before then.

Will doesn't get to the emergency room before then. Jack is the one that calls Hannibal just 10 minutes after his last client is gone. Hannibal is still technically writing down notes, but he hasn't been successful in paying attention to anyone else's problems today. He's wrote Will's name down twice in his notebook and underlined them both several times. Clearly nothing is going to get done and so he answers Jack Crawford's call.

"Dr. Lecter!" Jack's eager voice booms in Hannibal ear. He should learn one of these days that Jack has no regard for volume. He holds the phone a little bit further from his ear than he would for literally anyone else. "Will asked me to call you, he said that if we needed a second opinion then yours would be the best one to have."

Hannibal hums appreciatively. Will would give him such a wonderfully high praise. His Will is like that, sticking to the people he is comfortable with and praising them happily. Hannibal might be in love with his grumpy little fisherman. More than a little bit love actually; they should get married.

"Was dear Will's opinion not good enough today? I can hardly figure why you would even need a second opinion." If Will was willing to praise him then he would be praised in return. "Will is beyond talented in such matters after all and I would often rather blindly follow his opinion than most other so called professionals."

"..." There's almost a solid minute of radio silence on Jack's behalf. "Are you sure about that Dr. Lecter? Will disagreed with me over this being the Ripper today and wanted to look at the pool boy. If it's not the Ripper then why is the woman missing her liver?"

"While I cannot be sure why an organ is missing for any reason, I can assure you that if Will says look at the pool boy then you should be looking at the pool boy. To not look directly at the direction your head profiler just pointed you in would be insulting at best. The degree of trust between you and Will is also important and without it I fear that Will would not be going to your crime scenes."

He would also not be going to those crime scenes after he married Hannibal. Will wouldn't need to work, Hannibal is quite well off and makes a fair amount of money from his own practice. Hannibal briefly wondered if he would be able to convince Will to work as his secretary, so that they may be together for most of every day.

"Alright Dr. Lecter, I will concede today. But I also want you to understand that I am the boss here and trust isn't a thing that is all that necessary." Jack mostly just says that to get the last word, but Hannibal's opinion of the man is draining by the moment. If he is not careful he is going to be served up to Will as dark meat with a side of gravy.

"Thanks for the back up today." Will sends as a text. Hannibal doesn't know what Will's face looks like when he bashfully saying thanks yet, but looks forward to their future. "We have the suspect in custody already so I might be able to get out of here at a reasonable time today."

Hannibal feels hope that Will is going to get some sort of medical help today with his case wrapping up faster the usual.

It was clearly not a reasonable time when Will got away from Jack because Hannibal gets a text at 2 am. "Hey, is there any chance you are up and being willing to pick me up? Jack has stranded me and no cabs are answering. Sorry, not sure who else to ask."

Hannibal bolts out of his bed where he had been lounging at this given opportunity. Will must be either exhausted or really stuck to even ask. It's beautiful and he would never give up such an opportunity. "I'm on my way Will. You may stay over with me and I will drive you to the hospital in the morning."

"Thanks. I forgot all about the hospital."

Of course he did. Hannibal lets himself rudely roll his eyes because Will can't see it. His sweaty fisherman is never going to get himself help at this point unless Hannibal holds him down and forces it upon him. He will be doing that first thing in the morning after he's fed Will Graham a delicious breakfast of totally normal bacon, eggs and biscuits that he's been trying to perfect. A sliced up orange and a warm cup of coffee would make everything just work together.

Will looks completely worse for wear when Hannibal gets there to pick him up, exhausted, sweaty and slightly droopy around the eyes. That's not a good sign. He looks like he could melt into a puddle if he forgot that he was supposed to be a person. Will jerks weirdly when he moves and Hannibal moves forward with open arms in case the man decides to drop. Will seems to misunderstand Hannibal intentions and shuffles forward for a bit of a hug.

Hannibal blink once, twice and then trice. This is real and happening. His Will wants comfort and needs hospital. He hugs him closely and breathes in the stench that Will is unfortunately sporting. That awful aftershave has worn off already but he smells of dead, decay and BO. Hannibal would bathe him in freshly picked mint, a lovely homemade goat milk soap and spray him with something a bit spice heavy. Even as he is now, Hannibal makes sure to smell him and imprint this moment into his memory for later.

"Will would you be adverse to me taking you to the emergency room right now? I would sit with you and you could sleep while waiting of course."

"Mmmmhhjh..." Is all Will says into Hannibal's neck. He also twitches like he means to move away but has completely forgotten that legs are meant to be used and Hannibal has to catch him so he doesn't tip over. Yes, they are going straight to the hospital. While Jack Crawford and Will himself doesn't seem to care about Will's life; Hannibal can tell Will brain might just melt out of his ears soon without proper treatment. And life just doesn't seem to be worth living without Will in it anymore.

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